

A MODERN MIRACLE



MIRACLE in these prosaic times—is such a thing credible? No, you will say, there have been no miracles since Jesus walked among men and pitied them. But wait, let us not be hasty.

Once upon a time not so very long ago a man walked forth into his fruit garden to gratify his eyes with the sight of the many kinds of plants that grew there. He was an elderly man who long ago had fought in our Civil War, and who now found his greatest enjoyment in the cultivation of garden and orchard. It was in late September, after all the harvest of fruit had been gathered and the plants and trees were preparing for the coming year by storing away in certain cells food to be used the next spring. Most of the leaves had changed their bright green for colors drab and sombre, and some had already fallen. The strawberry bed was still fresh and verdant in its green leaves for there Jack Frost finds a rebel that he can never quite subdue.

But what are those pearly white spots conspicuous among the green? The planter of the garden looks in wonder, stoops down, convinces himself. Then he stands erect and ponders. He has seen a strawberry plant that had duly borne its crop in the spring in full bloom; but this, although uncommon, had occurred before. He has seen more than this, though: he has seen the sixteen runner plants of this mother, offspring plants of but a few weeks' growth, every one of them also in full flower and some with maturing berries.

Such a sight had never appeared to him or any other man. What could it mean? At last he came to a decision: he would dig up these plants and set them in a special bed; there he would tend them carefully and see whether next year they continued to display their new faculty of bearing in the fall and their precocity in fruitage.

This he did. When spring came they bore abundantly, and then ceased, like the other plants. But lo! in a few weeks forth came a new crop of buds that flowered and fruited, and afterwards, in regular sequence, came buds and flowers and fruit, until the icy hand of frost put an end to all growing things. Here was another discovery: they were more than fall bearers, they were true *everbearers*, a much more valuable quality; and that quality was evidently fixed in these plants, so that it constituted a new type, a new race. Men had labored to produce this new race; they had called in the aid of science, of human ingenuity; they had explored the world for plants with these proclivities; they had combined various varieties by crossing; they had developed many seedlings, seeking diligently to create the everbearing plant, but in vain.

And finally, God had chosen the garden of this nature-loving man to work a miracle. No one suspected that his hand had been there; no one dreamed that some day or some night, some morn or some eve, He, the Omnipotent Spirit, had breathed upon a certain lowly plant, had chosen it above all others and blessed it to man's use. No one had heard that still small voice which the vast universe itself obeys without question, but nevertheless the miracle remained for eye to see and hand to touch; and from that single plant and its offspring, so blessed above its kind, has descended the family of everbearers that is now found in almost every country of the world.

Westclox

Actual families

seven words to say:
by the Western Clock
There's *one* word that
the thing: *Westclox*.

is the family-name of a
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the family. On his big,
you read: *Westclox*—

the way you'll find the
Westclox, on the dial of
clock in Big Ben's
Westclox—Sleep-Meter,
America and *Westclox*—

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